

SELF-PRESERVATION

The pussy men
buried their faces in the pages
of pussy magazines.
They had pussy shots on their keychains
and the insides of their toolbox lids.
They talked about pussy constantly
about all of the pussy they had fucked,
and all of the ways they had fucked it.

The gun men
puffed on long cigars
and read gun magazines.
They wore gunshop T-shirts
and covered their toolboxes
with gun photos and NRA stickers.
They marched around their work areas
keeping their machines spotless by blasting them with
air guns they had fitted with 3-foot long barrels.

No one survived
in that machine shop
without guns or pussy.

SPIRIT

The supervisor threatens to fire him
but Jesus goes on being Jesus
as his machine runs.
He recites Mass and imitates sirens and screams.
He sings mariachi songs
while the other machinists accompany him
with ball-peen hammer pings
and air gun wheezes
and bass notes on their vocal cords.
He calls people into the office
by imitating a voice over the loudspeaker,
rides the hand truck
like a scooter
around and around the workbenches and machines,
and says, "I sorry I sorry,"
grinning like the Cheshire cat
as the supervisor lifts the lead hammer
over Jesus' head
and threatens to kill him.